

DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

Women Who Have Gained Fame as Inventors.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LATEST KINK.

A Cranky Old Bachelor—How to Serve Strawberries—Little Pick-ups of Interest to the Suppered Sex.

For THE SUNDAY HERALD.

Lines of Adversity.

If none were sick, and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad,
We scarcely could be tender.
Did our beloved never need
Our patient ministrations,
Earth would grow cold and miles indeed,
Its sweetest pleasures and its joys.
If sorrow never claimed the heart,
And ever was content,
Faintness would be a bitter lot,
Life would be disenchanted.

Women as Inventors.

The first patent granted to a woman was to Miss Mary Kolf, in the year 1800, for weaving straw with silk or thread. The next was fifteen years later, when Mary Brush received a patent for a carpet. Two years afterward, Sophia Usher followed, with cream of tartar carbonated liquid.

In 1822 Julia Planton had a foot-stove patented. Of later years the entries in the patent office at Washington have been annual. In the half century between 1800-55, precisely fifty patents were granted to women. They are all entered on one page of the record. But in the year 1868 the entries fill a full page, by 1875, three pages. The first native patentee, whose address is recorded, is Aglaena S. Good, of Doral county, Florida, in 1850, for improvement in broom brushes. Up to the outbreak of the civil war, she and one other were the only southern women who had thus distinguished themselves. During the same period New York had furnished fourteen, Massachusetts four, Ohio two, Maine, Connecticut, Indiana and New Jersey one each.

These patents are by no means confined to the domestic arts and conveniences, or to the hygiene and adornment of the female sex. In 1864 Mary Jane Montgomery, of New York, brought forward her improved war vessel. In the same year a young woman from Michigan introduced the improved lantern, dinner pail. Miss Montgomery also devised an improvement in locomotive wheels, and she has many associates in railway inventions, even to an apparatus for destroying vegetation on railroads. There is a woman in Iowa, who, with a male partner, makes an improvement in cigars. Another in Philadelphia, invented a machine which will cut a woman contributes a trousers tree, and another an apparatus for killing mosquitoes. There are devices for inducing sleep, for restoring facial symmetry, for exposing hair to the action of heated vapors, and for every imaginable device of the toilet, from breast-work to bustles, from cosmetics to patent calves, from bangs to corn plasters.

Claims Public Interest.

There is no woman in France who claims a larger share of public interest just now than the Duchess d'Uzes, who for many years has been a leader in the exclusive social circle of Faubourg, St. Germain, and is now an enthusiastic follower (and some say the enthusiastic leader) of General Boulanger. She is the daughter of the Duchess of Montebello, a granddaughter of the famous Venue Cluquet, the proprietor of the celebrated vineyard from which this champagne is made. The Duchess d'Uzes still has a large interest in this splendidly paying vineyard, and draws from it a considerable share of her enormous income. She is said to be in the fort, short in stature and plain in features, but amply makes up for all shortcomings by her cleverness and talent, which, after all, is far better for a woman's success in life than mere beauty. She belongs to the old legitimate nobility of France, and is not only an acknowledged leader in that ultra-exclusive clique, but also among those who are given over to the aristocratic forms of sport as horse racing, dog breeding and driving four-in-hand, exhibiting a pretty flaring at all three herself. She has a certain charm and grace of manner which makes her popular with all classes.

A Cranky Old Bachelor.

A contemporary, whose editor-in-chief is a cranky old bachelor, says: "The fact that the Rev. A. C. Howies got her last new bonnet made for her by a man milliner, while she was holding forth in the pulpit, is cited by this woman preacher as evidence that woman suffrage is promoting harmonious relations between the sexes. This is the first time that the claim has been made that the man-milliner is an outgrowth of the movement for the disenfranchisement of the sex. Do the artists of the tailor-made goods come under the same category?"

To Serve Strawberries.

A new way to serve strawberries, even better than to smother the luscious fruit in cream, is to treat them after this fashion: Put a few slices of freshly cut lemon peel in the bottom of your prettiest glass dish, then fill it two-thirds full of hulled, red-ripe berries. Put some more lemon-peel on top; cover the dish and let it stand in the ice-box ten or fifteen minutes. At the end of that time, put on some sugar and then pour on enough red wine to saturate the berries about three-fourths of the way up. Let the dish stand in the ice-box long enough for the wine to get thoroughly cold. Then serve. The taste is something indescribable—far superior to berries and cream. It is necessary to use expensive claret. Any of the rich, fruity wines of California, Ohio or Jersey will answer. Now that strawberries are at their best and cheapest is the time to make plenty of jam for winter shortages. It is not necessary to buy the largest and finest berries for this purpose. Use sugar in proportion to two-thirds of a pound to one pound of berries that have been washed in an earthen dish—remembering, for convenience sake, that a pint is a pound, the world around. Don't leave your fruit a moment in tin pans or brass kettles, but earthenware, wood and porcelain. Having cooked the well-mixed berries and sugar thoroughly, taking care not to burn them, seal up in glass cans, and you will find it fresh a dozen years to come—or would were it not so good that the family are bound to eat it all in short order. For the winter tea or lunch table nothing pleases the children better (or the old folks either, for that matter) than a light, warm short cake, piled high with strawberry jam between.

Of the Soft and Gentle Sort.

Mrs. Mona Caird, who has started the discussion, "Is marriage a failure?" lately presided over a literary ladies' dinner, in London. She is described as a pretty woman, one of the undersized, soft and gentle sort. On that occasion she wore a white and gold brocade, with rosebuds on her dress and in her hair, and carried a fan framed with velvet panes. In response to the first toast—"The martyrs of life, the married ladies!"—Mrs. Caird responded by saying that she thought our present marriage system was perfectly correct except in a few cases, and that other things not at all in accordance with her celebrated article that raised such a breeze on two continents. The press, poetry, and action were all treated, and curious outsiders have asserted that cigarettes were smoked at the close of the feast. It seems that about as many of those who were invited sought regrets as were present. Among those who were "unavoidably detained" were Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Lady Wilde, Edna Lyall, Mrs. Louisa Parr, Miss Mabel Robinson, Mrs. Macquod and others in London's literary galaxy. The lady who

nom de plume is "John Strange Winter" frankly declared that she remained at home because she had been twice to dinners of that sort which were "ghastly" and so had decided to try no more such "dangerous experiments."

Little Pick-ups.

Dip fish into boiling water and the scales will come off more readily.
One quart of sifted flour, well heaped, is one pound. No use to weigh it, for this rule is infallible.

The very best thing with which to clean ground-work is cold sea. Never use ammonia, as for white paint.
A colored woman has been appointed postmistress at Halifax, N. C. Her name is Davis, and her husband is a school teacher.

Once twice a month, boil the clothespins with the clothes, and then dry them quickly, and you will find they do not split so easily.

"As life runs on, the road grows strange
With these new, and near the end,
The mile stones in the road change,
Neath every one a friend."

If you want your poached eggs to look extra nice, put muffin rings into the bottom of the boiling water, and drop the eggs into them. A very nice way to cook eggs is to drop each into a small scalloped patty-pan, put into a steamer over boiling water, and steam till "set." Serve on a square of buttered toast.
The best way to purify a room is to set a pitcher of water in it, and in a few hours the water will have absorbed nearly all the respired gases in the apartment, rendering the air purer but making the water utterly unfit to drink. The colder the water, the greater its capacity to contain these gases. At the ordinary temperature a pull of water will absorb a pint of carbonic acid gas and several pints of ammonia. The capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the water to the temperature of ice. Never drink water that has been allowed to stand in a sleeping apartment.

Some women prefer rose or violet perfume, and, copying Mrs. Potter, the alleged actress who set the fashion, they make long mats of thin silk or cotton, fitted to the size of a traveler or trunk tray, sprinkle them with wet with satchet powder, cover with another piece of silk, and "tuft" it with embroidery silk. Sometimes these bags are made of cheese cloth, which are less costly and answer the purpose equally well. They retain their perfume for a year or more, and if kept in the bottom of a trunk or drawer will perfume the entire contents—a great saving by the way, on the old-fashioned method of keeping one's belongings perfumed with liquids.

Another philanthropic device is reported from Chicago. Miss Jane Adams, a wealthy young lady who has recently returned from several years' residence abroad, has rented a fine mansion in a fashionable quarter. In it she will entertain not only her personal friends, but to the same swell receptions will invite the Poles, Swedes, Bohemians, Germans and other foreigners, of whom she has picked up many of the lowest class who are not renowned for cleanliness, or any other Christian virtues. She hopes to elevate them socially by contact with another sort of people, treating them herself, and expecting her friends to treat them, with just as much courtesy as any other guest receives.

Since Americans are so fond of importing English "fads," we may expect soon to see every fashionable carriage supplied with a tea-caddy and an alcohol stove, and to smell the aroma of Old Hyson along with the fragrance of grass and flowers in parks and country drives. England's aged Queen has inaugurated the custom of sipping a cup of tea and eating wafers while enjoying her afternoon drive. The tea is steeped over a small alcohol lamp that is a part of the furniture of the royal carriage; and the old lady calmly enjoys her refreshment regardless of the cold of the multitude that are bent upon her. By the way, it may do mention en passant, with all due deference to her most gracious majesty, that, both at home and abroad, she drinks her tea out of her saucer in a way which in this country would be considered decidedly vulgar.

Ladies of refinement are extremely fastidious in the matter of perfumes. Happily for sensitive noses, the days of old-fashioned cologne and liquid scents generally have gone out of use, after the pomades and strong-smelling soaps that used to delight the vulgar. Since fashion now demands that handkerchiefs shall be delicately scented with perfumed powder only, the handkerchief case has come to be a necessity. Of course, the handkerchief is encased in knitted silk in a loose diamond-chain-stitch, fashioned over satin of the same shade. The satin is cut into book-form and lined with this silk of a contrasting shade, and the edges finished with lace. There is a fad now a days for having all linen perfumed slightly with lavender, as our grandmothers did. The sweet stuff is put into bags of cambric or silk, and placed between the sheets and table cloths, as well as in the drawers where underwear is kept.

The following epitaph, which is nearly one hundred years old, will be appreciated by many weary housekeepers:

Here rests a poor woman
Who always was tired,
For she lived in a house
Where help was used hired.
Her last words were: "Friend,
Fare ye well; I am going
To a place where there's nothing
Of washing and sewing.
Then weep not, my friends,
When death shall us sever,
For I'll have a good time
Doing nothing forever.
For everything there
Is exact to my wishes.
Since there they don't eat
There's no washing of dishes.
The courts with sweet music
Are constantly ringing—
But, having no voice,
I shall get rid of singing.
She folded her hands
With her latest endeavor,
And whispered, Sweet nothing—
Oh! nothing forever!"

If you have some particularly pet pieces of rare old lace which you will not trust to the mercies of another, you will be glad to have the following direction for washing them yourself: Soak it at least twenty-four hours in cold, soft water, to loosen the discoloration of age and dust. Then make a strong solution of warm water and white soap. Saturate the lace in this and press it between the hands; and afterwards cleanse it well by rinsing it in two or three cold waters. To stiffen it a little, but not too much, take one ounce of rice and let it simmer a few minutes in a pint of water, strain through a fine sieve and while warm immerse the lace. Don't wring the lace, but press it between the hands and roll it up in a dry cloth. After a couple of hours stretch it evenly on a pillow and carefully pin over the surface, opening out all the little points and scallops and fastening them down, with the points of the pins toward you. When the lace is quite dry, unpin it from the cushion and lay it between the leaves of a heavy book. Even point applique can be made to look good as now by observing these directions.

There is a charitable woman in Brooklyn who has plenty of time on her hands but very little money in her pocket. In order to obtain funds for church, missionary, hospital and similar purposes, she hit upon a plan which yields her a larger sum than many rich people feel able to bestow upon their less fortunate neighbors, but which this woman religiously devotes to charity. She spends her spare hours in manufacturing "pretty, dainty keepsakes" of silk, lace and needle work, such as the feminine soul delights in, and places them on sale, at moderate prices, in the woman's exchanges that abound throughout this country. Among many desirable things manufactured by this lady is what she calls a "seabag," and the woman who made an ocean voyage without one has missed a convenience which she should not deny herself a second time. It is simply a large bag made of strong linen, divided into pockets of graduated sizes, made to contain every imaginable article of woman's toilet from night-gown to hair-brush. The bag is hung upon the wall of the state-room, within easy reach of the owner's hand; who, when suffering from sea-sickness, is in no condition to hunt around for missing hairpins or slippers.

Answer this Question.
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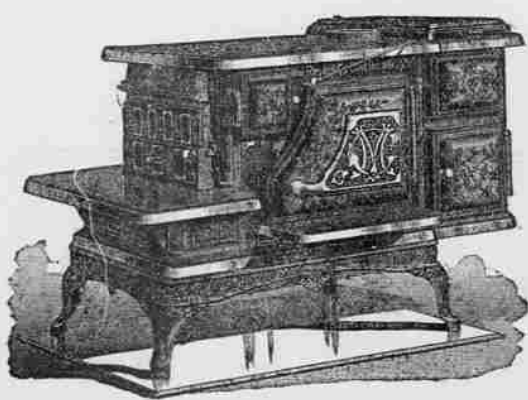
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NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A meeting of the stockholders of the West Point Canal Company will be held on the 7th day of July, 1889, at 2 o'clock p.m., at the Cullen hotel, in Salt Lake City, for the purpose of effecting and perfecting a consolidation with the North Point Irrigation Company.

By order of the president,
HENRY COHN,
Secretary pro tem.

SALT LAKE CITY, June 29, 1889.

NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A meeting of the stockholders of the North Point Irrigation Company will be held on the 7th day of July, 1889, at 3 o'clock p.m., at the Cullen hotel, in Salt Lake City, for the purpose of effecting and perfecting a consolidation with the West Point Canal Company.

By order of the president,
HENRY COHN,
Secretary pro tem.

SALT LAKE CITY, June 29, 1889.